

27858 Tampa Avenue
Hayward, California
U.S.A. 94544

September 7, 1967

Dear Professor Eriksen,

It was good to hear from you and to receive the photocopy of your very flattering letter about me to Miss Arnold. I am unabashedly grateful for your sustained friendship, encouragement, and outright help in attempting to open doors for me at the University of Oklahoma. That our combined efforts ultimately failed is no blight on the warm relations engendered between us over the years we have known one another.

Since you have expressed interest in knowing what I am doing these days, I will give you a quick rundown on my current activities.

As you might have guessed, my passion for chess erupted with consummate purpose soon after returning home and has still not run its course. I entered the first sanctioned expert chess tournament offered, fought harder than the competition, and, as luck would have it, captured first prize.

The confidence gained from this experience prompted me to accept an invitation from chessmaster George Koltanowski to give a simultaneous exhibition at the Presidio of San Francisco. There I played against twenty-one opponents at

one time, achieving the respectable score of 15-3 (12 wins, 3 losses, and 6 draws).

These and other practical successes in chess led me to submit translations of annotated games and articles from Soviet chess magazines for publication in the San Francisco Chronicle's chess column. To date about two dozen such items have seen print. Chess in Action, the official organ of the Chess Friends of Northern California, included a lengthy translated article of mine in one of its quarterly issues.

My most recent step up the chess ladder has involved me with The Daily Review, a local newspaper with a circulation of about 100,000, as their chess columnist. I am enclosing a sample of my weekly fare for your inspection.

None of this work has produced much income, but for now I am content to have achieved a measure of recognition instead. Financial gain will come later if The Daily Review follows through with plans to assist me in the syndication of my column and if I succeed in arranging for the publication of my translation of an important Soviet chess book. In the meantime I am living at home, performing little useful labor, and candidly confess to enjoying this extended leave from organized employment.

Apart from chess I do a lot of reading on general topics that fit in with my particular interests. Bob Farrell would be disappointed but not surprised to learn that novels have not yet found a place in my reading schedule. The following

list of books that I am now reading or have just finished should give you an idea of how my mental energy is being utilized:

Achminow, "Collected Works";

Bernard, The Hollow Earth;

Caesar, The Gallic War;

Gaer, The Wisdom of the Living Religions;

Kojima, The Japanese Abacus, Its Use and Theory;

Machiavelli, The Art of War;

Tegner, Isometric Power Exercises and

Stick Fighting for Self-Defense.

In contacts with my fellow man I have found no more worthy guardian of my affections than children, in whose company I delight. Hardly a day passes that Patsy, Steve, Robin, Marlene, Glen, Mary, Lorrie, Michael, Ronnie, Cheryl, Debbie, Pamela, Freddie, Cindy, Frank, Dianne, Larry, Karen, Chris, and Mercy do not come knocking at the door to ask, "Can Richard come out and play?"

After receiving Miss Arnold's rejection of my application for admission to the University of Oklahoma, I decided to seek entrance into some other school here in California. The Monterey Institute of Foreign Studies seems to hold out the greatest prospects for a Bachelor of Arts degree at present, but I have not yet approached the administration with my specialized qualifications. I plan to put off this important business until I can afford the high cost of modern-day education.

In your letter you say that the Eriksen family is due to return home in the fall. I hope everything has gone well for you at the Institute and that you will be back soon to continue your good work. Some day I am sure to be your student in a Soviet government course.

Please remember me to my comrades at the Institute and save a special "Hello" for Anne and a "Hi" for Mark.

Sincerely yours,

Richard Shorman

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